

THE ARTIST.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

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NO. 17.

THE PIRATE'S SERENADE.

FROM "FITFUL FANCIES," BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

My boat's by the tower, my bark's in the bay,
And both must be gone ere the dawn of the day;
The moon's in her shroud, but to guide thee afar,
On the deck of the daring's a love-lighted star;
Then wake, lady! wake! I am waiting for thee,
And this night, or never, my bride thou shalt be!

Forgive my rough mood; unaccustomed to sue,
I woo not perchance, as your land lovers woo;
My voice has been tuned to the notes of the gun,
That startles the deep, when the combat's begun;
And heavy and hard is the grasp of a hand
Whose glove has been ever the guard of a brand.

Yet think not of these, but, this moment be mine,
And the plume of the proudest shall cower to thine;
A hundred shall serve thee, the best of the brave,
And the chief of a thousand will kneel as thy slave;
Thou shalt rule as a queen, and thy empire shall last
Till the red flag, by inches, is torn from the mast.

Islands there are, on the face of the deep,
Where the leaves never fade, where the skies never weep;
And there, if thou wilt, shall our love-bower be,
When we quit, for the greenwood, our home on the sea;
And there shalt thou sing of the deeds that were done,
When we braved the last blast, and the last battle won.

Then haste, lady! haste! for the fair breezes blow,
And my ocean-bird poises her pinions of snow;
Now fast to the lattice these silken ropes twine,
They are met for such feet and such fingers as thine;
The signal, my mates—ho! hurrah! for the sea;
This night and forever, my bride thou shalt be!

SELECT TALES.

THE BROKEN HEART.

FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

There was a large and gay party assembled one evening, in the memorable month of June, 1815, at a house in the remote western suburbs of London. Throngs of handsome and well-dressed women—a large retinue of the leading men about town—the dazzling light of chandeliers blazing like three suns overhead—the charms of music and dancing—together with that tone of excitement then pervading society at large, owing to our successful continental campaigns, which maddened England into almost daily annunciations of victory:—all these circumstances, I say, combined to supply spirit to every party. In fact, England was almost turned upside down with universal feasting! Mrs. —, the lady whose party I have just been mentioning, was in ecstasy at the eclat with which the whole was going off, and charmed with the buoyant animation with which all seemed inclined to contribute their quota to the evening's amusement. A young lady of some personal attractions, most amiable manners, and great accomplishments—particularly musical—had been repeatedly solicited to sit down to the piano, for the purpose of favoring the company with the favorite Spanish air, "*The Banks of Allan Water*." For a long time, however, she steadfastly resisted their importunities, on the plea of low spirits. There was evidently an air of deep pensiveness, if not melancholy, about her, which ought to have corroborated the plea she urged. She did not seem to gather excitement with the rest; and rather endured, than shared, the gaieties of the evening. Of course, the young folks around her of her own sex whispered their suspicions that she was in love; and, in point of fact, it was well known by several present, that Miss — was engaged to a young officer who had earned considerable distinction in the Peninsular campaign, and to whom she was to be united on his return from the continent. It need not therefore be wondered at, that a thought of the various casualties to which a soldier's life is exposed—especially a bold and brave young

soldier, such as her intended had proved himself—and the possibility, if not probability, that he might, alas! never

"Return to claim his blushing bride,"

—but he left behind among the glorious throng of the fallen—sufficed to overcast her mind with gloomy anxieties and apprehensions. It was, indeed, owing solely to the affectionate importunities of her relatives, that she was prevailed on to be seen in society at all. Had her own inclinations been consulted, she would have sought solitude where she might, with weeping and trembling, commend her hopes to the hands of Him 'who seeth in secret,' and 'whose are the issues,' of battle.—As, however, Miss —'s rich contralto voice, and skilful powers of accompaniment, were much talked of, the company would listen to no excuses or apologies; so the poor girl was absolutely *baited* in sitting down to the piano, when she ran over a few melancholy chords with an air of reluctance and displacency.—Her sympathies were soon excited by the fine tones—the tumultuous melody—of the keys she touched—and she struck into the soft and soothing symphony of "*The Banks of Allan Water*." The breathless silence of the bystanders—for nearly all the company was thronged around—was at length broken by her voice, stealing, 'like faint blue gushing streams,' on the delighted ears of her auditors, as she commenced singing that exquisite little ballad, with the most touching pathos and solemnity. She had just commenced the verse,

"For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he!"

when, to the surprise of every body around her, she suddenly ceased playing and singing, without removing her hands from the instrument, and gazed steadily forward with a vacant air, while the color faded from her cheeks, and left them as pale as the lily. She continued thus for some moments, to the alarm and astonishment of the company—motionless, and apparently unconscious of any one's presence. Her elder sister, much agitated, stepped towards her, placed her hand on her shoulder, endeavored gently to rouse her, and said hurriedly, "Anne, Anne!"—Miss — made no answer; but a few moments after, without moving her eyes, suddenly, burst into a piercing shriek! Consternation seized all present.

"Sister—sister!—Dear Anne, are you ill?" again enquired her trembling sister, endeavoring to rouse her, but in vain. Miss — did not seem either to see or hear her. Her eyes still gazed fixedly forward, till they seemed gradually to expand, as it were, with an expression of glassy horror. All present seemed utterly confounded, and afraid to interfere with her. Whispers were heard, "She's ill—in a fit—run for some water."—Good God, how strange—what a piercing shriek, &c. &c. At length Miss —'s lips moved. She began to mutter inaudibly; but by and by those immediately near her could distinguish the words, "There!—there they are—with their lanterns. Oh! they are looking out for the *de-a-d*! They turn over the heaps. Ah!—now—no!—that little hill of slain—see, see!—they are turning them over, one by one—There!—there he is!—Oh, horror! horror! horror!—RIGHT THRO' THE HEART!" and with a long shuddering groan, she fell senseless into the arms of her horror-struck sister. Of course all were in confusion and dismay—not a face present, but

was blanched with agitation and affright on hearing the extraordinary words she uttered. With true delicacy and propriety of feeling, all those whose carriages had happened to have already arrived, instantly took their departure, to prevent their presence embarrassing or interfering with the family, who were already sufficiently bewildered. The room was soon thinned of all, except those who were immediately engaged in rendering their services to the young lady; and a servant was instantly despatched, with a horse for me. On my arrival, I found her in bed, (still at the house where the party was given, which was that of the young lady's sister-in-law.) She had fallen into a succession of swoons ever since she had been carried up from the drawing room, and was perfectly senseless when I entered the bed-chamber where she lay. She had not spoken a syllable since uttering the singular words just related; and her whole frame was cold and rigid—in fact, she seemed to have received some strange shock, which had altogether paralysed her. By the use, however, of strong stimulants, we succeeded in at length restoring her to something like consciousness, but I think it would have been better for her—judging from the event—never to have woken again from forgetfulness.—She opened her eyes under the influence of the searching stimulants we applied, and stared vacantly for an instant on those standing round her bed-side. Her countenance, of an ashy hue, was damp with clammy perspiration, and she lay perfectly motionless, except when her frame undulated with long deep-drawn sighs.

"Oh, wretched, wretched, wretched girl!" she murmured at length—"why have I lived till now! Why did you not suffer me to expire! He called me to join him—I was going—and you will not let me—but I must go—yes, yes."

"Anne—dearest! Why do you talk so? Charles is not gone—he will return soon—he will indeed!"—sobbed her sister.

"Oh, never, never! You could not see what I saw, Jane"—she shuddered—"Oh, it was frightful! How they tumbled about the heaps of the dead!—how they stripped—oh, horror, horror!"

"My dear Miss —, you are dreaming—raving—indeed you are," said I, holding her hand in mine—"Come, come—you must not give way to such gloomy, such nervous fancies—you must not indeed. You are frightening your friends to no purpose."

"What do you mean?" she replied, looking me suddenly full in the face. "I tell you it is true! Ah me, Charles is dead—I know it—I saw him! *Shot right through the heart*!—They were stripping him, when—" And heaving three or four short convulsive sobs, she again swooned. Mrs. —, the lady of the house, (the sister-in-law of Miss —, as I think I have mentioned,) could endure the distressing scene no longer, and was carried out of the room, fainting in the arms of her husband. With great difficulty we succeeded in restoring Miss — once more to consciousness; but the frequency and duration of her relapses began seriously to alarm me. The spirit, being brought so often to the brink, might at last suddenly flit off into eternity, without any one's being aware of it. I, of course, did all that my professional knowledge and experience suggested; and, after expressing my readiness to remain all night in the

house, in the event of any sudden alteration in Miss — for the worse, I took my departure, promising to call very early in the morning. Before leaving, Mr. — had acquainted me with all the particulars above related; and, as I rode home, I could not help feeling the liveliest curiosity, mingled with the most intense sympathy for the unfortunate sufferer, to see whether the corroborating event would stamp the present as one of those extraordinary occurrences, which occasionally 'come o'er us like a summer-cloud,' astonishing and perplexing every one.

The next morning, about 9 o'clock, I was again at Miss —'s bedside. She was nearly in the same state as that in which I had left her the preceding evening—only feebler, and almost continually stupefied. She seemed, as it were, stunned with some severe but invisible stroke. She said scarcely anything, but often uttered a low, moaning, indistinct sound, and whispered at intervals, "Yes—shortly, Charles, shortly—to-morrow." There was no rousing her by conversation; she noticed no one, and would answer no questions. I suggested the propriety of calling in additional medical assistance; and, in the evening, met two eminent brother physicians in consultation at her bedside. We came to the conclusion that she was sinking rapidly, and that, unless some miracle intervened to restore her energies, she would continue with us but a little longer. After my brother physicians had left, I returned to the sick-chamber, and sat by Miss —'s bedside for more than an hour. My feelings were much agitated at witnessing her singular and affecting situation. There was such a sweet and sorrowful expression about her pallid features, deepening, occasionally, into such hopelessness of heart-broken anguish, as no one could contemplate without deep emotion. There was, besides, something mysterious, and awing—something of what in Scotland is called *second sight*—in the circumstances which had occasioned her illness.

"Gone—gone!" she murmured, with closed eyes, while I was sitting and gazing in silence on her, "gone—and in glory! Ah! I shall see the young conqueror—I shall! How he will love me!—Ah! I recollect," she continued, after a long interval, "It was the *Banks of Allan Water* these cruel people made me sing—and my heart breaking the while! What was the verse I was singing when I saw"—she shuddered—"oh!—this—

"For his bride a soldier sought her,

And a winning tongue had he—

On the banks of Allan water

None so gay as she!

But the summer grief had brought her,

And the soldier—false was he!"

Oh, no, no, never!—Charles—my poor murdered Charles—never! she groaned and spoke no more that night. She continued utterly deaf to all that was said in the way of sympathy or remonstrance; and, if her lips moved at all, it was only to utter faintly some such words as, "Oh, let me—let me live in peace!" During the two next days, she continued drooping rapidly. The only circumstance about her demeanor, particularly noticed, was, that she once moved her hands for a moment over the counterpane, as though she were playing the piano—a sudden flush overspread her features—her eyes stared, as though she were startled by the appearance of some phantom or other, and she gasped, "There, there!"—

after which she relapsed into her former state of stupor.

How will it be credited, that on the fourth morning of Miss —'s illness, a letter was received from Paris by her family, with a black seal, and franked by the noble colonel of the regiment in which Charles — had served, communicating the melancholy intelligence, that the young Captain had fallen towards the close of the battle of Waterloo: for while in the act of charging at the head of his corps, a French cavalry officer shot him with his pistol *right through the heart!*—The whole family, with all their acquaintance, were unutterably shocked at the news—almost petrified with amazement at the strange corroboration of Miss —'s prediction. How to communicate it to the poor sufferer was now a serious question, or whether to communicate it at all at present. The family at last, considering that it would be unjustifiable in the many longer to withhold the intelligence, intrusted the painful duty to me. I therefore repaired to her bedside alone, on the evening of the day on which the letter had been received; that evening was the last of her life! I sat down in the usual place beside her, and her pulse, countenance, breathing, cold extremities—together with the fact, that she had taken no nourishment whatever since she had been laid on her bed—convinced me that the poor girl's sufferings were soon to terminate. I was at loss for a length of time how to break the oppressive silence. Observing, however, her fading eyes fixed upon me, I determined, as it were accidentally, to attract them to the fatal letter which I then held in my hand. After a while she observed it; her eye suddenly settled on the ample coronated seal, and the sight operated something like an electric shock. She seemed struggling to speak, but in vain. I now wished to Heaven I had never agreed to undertake the duty which had been imposed on me. I opened the letter, and looking steadfastly at her, said, in a soothing tones as my agitation could command—"My dear girl,—now don't be alarmed, or I shall not tell you what I am going to tell you." She trembled, and her sensibilities seemed suddenly restored; for her eye assumed an expression of alarmed intelligence, and her lips moved about like those of a person who feels them parched with agitation, and endeavors to moisten them. "This letter has been received to-day from Paris," I continued; "it is from Colonel Lord —, and brings word that—that—that—" I felt suddenly choked, and could not bring out the words.

"That my Charles is DEAD—I know it.—Did I not tell you so?" said Miss —, interrupting me, with as clear and distinct a tone of voice as she ever had in her life. I felt confounded. Had the unexpected operation of the news I brought been able to dissolve the spell which had withered her mental energies, and afford promise of her restoration to health?

Has the reader ever watched a candle which is flickering and expiring in its socket, suddenly shoot up into an instantaneous brilliance, and then be utterly extinguished? I soon saw it was thus with poor Miss —. All the expiring energies of her soul were suddenly collected to receive the corroboration of her vision—if such it may be called—and then she would

"Like a lily drooping,
Bow her head, and die."

To return: She begged me, in a faltering voice, to read her all the letter. She listened with closed eyes, and made no remark, when I had concluded. After a long pause, I exclaimed—"God be praised, my dear Miss —, that you have been able to receive this dreadful news so firmly!"

"Doctor, tell me, have you no medicine that could make me weep? Oh, give it, give it me; it would relieve me, for I feel a mountain on my breast—it is pressing me," replied she feebly, uttering the words at long intervals. Pressing her hand in mine, I begged

her to be calm, and the oppression would soon disappear.

"Oh—oh—oh, that I could weep, Doctor!" She uttered something, but inaudibly. I put my ear close to her mouth, and distinguished something like the words—"I am—call her—hush—" accompanied with a faint, fluttering, gurgling sound. Alas, I too well understood it! With much trepidation I ordered the nurse to summon the family into the room instantly. Her sister Jane was the first that entered, her eyes swollen with weeping, and seemingly half suffocated with the effort to conceal her emotions.

"Oh, my darling, precious, precious sister Anne!" she sobbed, and knelt down at the bedside, flinging her arms round her sister's neck—kissing the gentle sufferer's cheeks and mouth.

"Anne!—love!—darling! Don't you know me?" She groaned, kissing her forehead repeatedly. Could I help weeping? All who had entered were standing around the bed, sobbing, and in tears. I kept my fingers at the wrist of the dying sufferer; but could not feel whether or not the pulse beat, which, however, I attributed to my own agitation.

"Speak—speak—my darling Anne! speak to me; I am your poor sister Jane!" sobbed the agonized girl, continuing fondly kissing her sister's cold lips and forehead. She suddenly started—exclaimed, "Oh, God, she's dead!" and sunk instantly senseless on the floor. Alas, alas, it was too true; my sweet and broken-hearted patient was no more!

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

FIRE SIDE TALES—NO. 2.

THE AUTHOR.

"Do you observe that elegant couple?" said the worthy Mr. G— to his companion, "they who have just alighted from that handsome carriage at the door of the bookseller's shop? Well, I could tell you an amusing story about that fine looking fellow and his lovely little wife, who, by the way, are deserving of all the prosperity they now enjoy." "Tell the story, then," said Mr. G—'s companion; and the old gentleman began—

"It was about eight years ago when I first saw them. I came up to the city one cold drizzly afternoon in November, and as I expected to be detained here some days by business, I resolved to take up my quarters, if I could, at the house of my good cousin, Mrs. Blake. My cousin is a widow, and having no family except an only daughter, she, as they say in England, let lodgings; but as we Americans have it, she hired out part of her house, and therefore I was a little afraid that she could not accommodate me. However, after I had made myself comfortable with a dish of my cousin's excellent tea, and complimented her on her good looks, and her daughter on her wonderful improvement in the art of toast making, I ventured to hint that it was very disagreeable for a man of my steady habits to put up at a public house, and asked her if she had a sleeping room to spare for a few nights. My cousin hesitated a few moments, and then said, "Why, yes, Mr. G—, I have a room which is not occupied, but it is a very small one, and separated only by a board partition from the sitting room of my tenants, on the second floor; to be sure, they do not make much noise, and if you think it will not disturb you to be so near them, I shall be happy to accommodate you." Of course I made no objection to the board partition, for being uncommonly weary, I expected soon to fall asleep. But to pass away the time a little, I inquired of Mrs. Blake if she had agreeable tenants, and so forth. She said "they were a very young couple, more fit to be at school, in her opinion, than to be married; that she saw very little of them, as they were remarkably quiet and unobtrusive, but that she certainly was puzzled to know what occupation

the young man followed, or if he followed any, for he was always in the house, and, though she scorned to be inquisitive about other people's affairs, she did wonder how they were employed, and how they contrived to live, and whether it was not a runaway match." What my cousin said awakened my curiosity respecting the young couple, and I confess I made as little noise as possible in taking possession of my lodging room, not wishing them to be aware that they had a neighbor so near them. I had a better motive than mere idle curiosity, however, as you will learn by and by.

The partition was thin enough, as I soon found, for presently I heard a soft voice inquire—"Charles, how far have you got now?" "Don't disturb me now, Louise," answered the person interrogated, "for I have just bro't Count Ferdinand to the gate of the old Castle where Lady Sapphira is confined." "Dear Charles," said the same soft voice, "I won't speak again, but I do wish you would alter her name, I never shall like Sapphira! Eveline, or Elvira would be as pretty again." "Why, my love," replied Charles, "I christened her Sapphira because I was thinking of your eyes; they are the color of sapphire, you know." "Well, let it be so then, I would not alter it now for the world," replied the little simpleton, with a gentle sigh, and for a while all was quiet, while I lay pondering the meaning of what I heard. Presently the silence was broken by the voice of Charles, who enquired with a sigh of weariness, "Louisa, my love, what have we for supper?" "For supper, Charles?" she answered, "why, dear me! I did not think of supper; but you must have some, to be sure;" then after a pause she added, "Do you know, dearest, I used to be so silly as to think that Poets and Authors scarcely ever thought of eating, and I had no idea how wearisome it is to sit and write all day. Ah! Charles, when you used to write those beautiful verses to me, I thought it the most delightful employment in the world, and one that would never tire!—but now you look so weary, and your eyes are so heavy, and you sigh so deeply—I fear you are tired of being an Author." "Never," exclaimed the young husband, "never! you always said you could love none but a Poet or an Author. I am not weary, but, Louise, you do not reflect—I am not now writing to you; I now write in the hope of gain." "Ah, true! my dear Charles, what a difference! I am a little unhappy, too;" she presently resumed, "if you should not be able to sell your beautiful Romance, what should we do? I have no money now, Charles. I had no idea money would go so soon! and sometimes I am afraid I have involved you in trouble, and then when I reflect how they wished to separate us, I cannot regret what we have done!" "Regret! no, never!" replied he, "but certainly, Louise, as you say, I had no idea how soon money would go, or how long a time it would require to write a Poem or a Romance, or how difficult it would be to write one that any body would buy. There is a great difference in writing for amusement and writing to live." A deep sigh from each, closed the conference, and I had heard enough to interest me deeply in the fate of the young couple, especially as my first suspicion was more than half confirmed, that the young man was the son of my friend B—, then residing at the south, and of whose elopement with a beautiful girl, an orphan ward of his father, I had heard some months past. I had understood that my old friend had behaved with some harshness to the youth, and that he now declared he should take no steps to discover the retreat of the fugitives, but would leave them to suffer the consequences of their folly.

I went to sleep with the determination to make acquaintance with the young couple in the morning, and dreamed all night of the supperless Author, the "beautiful Romance," and the half comic, half serious dialogue I had overheard. It was impossible to put my design in execution without making my worthy

hostess a partner in my scheme; consequently, the next morning, I communicated to her the conversation I had overheard, and my belief that her tenant was the son of my old friend. My cousin readily agreed to forward my plan; and forthwith, as the day happened to be a holiday, she proceeded to the apartment of her tenants to invite them to dine with her family. At first they declined, but my cousin's pretty daughter added her persuasion to those of her mother, and as a relation of the family, I ventured to intrude mine. Evidently soothed and won by the unusual sound of kindness the beautiful young wife looked coaxingly in her husband's face, and he consented, though evidently laboring under a secret uneasiness. His troubled eye often rested on the fair being who hung on his looks with intense devotion, and more than once I saw a tear start to his eye. I soon managed to engage him in conversation, and adroitly led to the subject of Authorship, and by degrees gave him to understand that I was not wholly unacquainted with such matters. I won upon his confidence, and at length the young man, with hesitation and blushes, informed me of his present pursuits and views. In pursuance of my plan I requested to see his production; and finally promised to find a purchaser for it. I watched his countenance, where gratitude, joy, and shame were struggling for mastery; and I could not find it in my heart to tell him that he would never succeed as a writer of Romances. Resolved to afford him present relief, without wounding his delicacy, I undertook to dispose of his Romance, and performed my promise. I gradually drew from him the little story of their love, and present difficulties. He told me that his father had forbidden his marriage with Louise, on account of his youth, and the portionless condition of the lovely girl, who would have yielded implicit obedience to his decree, had not his entreaties, and threats of leaving his father's house forever, at length won her to comply with his plan of elopement. Louise was sent from the house of her lover's father, which had hitherto been her asylum, and Charles, conscious that she suffered for his sake, was the more determined on making her his own. He fondly trusted that he should be enabled to support the object of his love by the productions of his pen. In this design he was the more confirmed by the decided preference which Louise had always evinced towards literary occupations. And, in short, they ran away, got married, travelled to this city, hired an apartment, and the young husband commenced Author. For three months the youth had unsuccessfully pursued his occupation; for ashamed to offer his productions, and having no friend with whom to advise, they had arrived at the very verge of want, when I happened to discover them. I soon succeeded in persuading the youth to adopt a more certain mode of employment, and by interesting myself for him, I soon placed him in a creditable and lucrative situation, to which his talents and abilities entitled him. The pretty Louise became a notable and active housewife; and after my young protegee had been a year engaged in his employment, I undertook to acquaint his father with his place of residence, and his pursuits, knowing that Charles earnestly desired to be reconciled to a parent who, however harsh in one instance, had acted from prudential motives. My mediation was successful. Mr. B— took a journey thither to visit his son, and his presence confirmed the happiness of the interesting pair, whose attachment time only served to strengthen. Talent, industry, and perseverance have secured the success of my young friend; a success to which the intelligence and devotion of his wife, have in no small degree contributed. I often visit them, and Louise sometimes playfully recurs to past times, and they both join in my raillery on Charles's "beautiful Romance," and I believe they very sincerely rejoice, that timely interference saved him from the fate of a friendless and obscure Author.

FOR THE ARIEL.

INDECISION.

"Camilla," said Mrs. Hastings, "how happens it that both those young men are constant in their attendance upon you? They are singularly accommodating or one of them would have made his *coqee* long ago; for if I am not mistaken they are both lovers." Camilla smiled and blushed, and at last said, "Why, my dear aunt, I cannot treat them with incivility in return for their polite attentions—I cannot forbid their visits, they are both amiable, both agreeable." "Are you a *coquette*, then, my Camilla: would you encourage hopes you do not intend to realize? Their being both amiable is an additional reason why you should not treat either with injustice: have you no preference for either?" "I have, decidedly," replied Camilla, in a low tone, "but I cannot resolve to inflict pain by avowing it. I trust to time, or to some favorable circumstance for bringing about what I wish, and as I have used no arts to attract either, so neither can accuse me of coquetry." "But," urged Mrs. Hastings, "your lovers will expect a more decided conduct; you must at last make a choice." "When that time arrives," replied Camilla, "I shall have more courage; at present I am not compelled to do violence to my own feelings by rejecting either."

Charles Grovener and Edward Harwood had been friends from childhood. At College they were room mates, and since that period their intimacy had met with no interruption. They had been introduced to Camilla at the same time, and were equally struck by the beauty of her countenance and the sweetness of her manners. Grovener loved at first sight; but his more sedate friend inhaled by slower degrees the poison which was to destroy the germ of peace and virtue, and to wither the fair blossoms of his early years. For some time Grovener did not suspect the passion of his friend; they visited Camilla together, and so long as he believed Harwood's sentiments towards her were merely those of admiration and esteem, he was perfectly satisfied that he should share her conversation and entrancing smiles. By degrees, however, the truth unfolded itself; he saw Harwood's dark eyes riveted on her beautiful countenance with an expression not to be mistaken—he saw him change color when she appeared, and observed the deep cloud upon his brow, whenever he addressed her in that tremulous tone which love only can impart. Grovener was high minded and generous, he loved his friend sincerely, and could he have been certain that Camilla really felt the same regard for both, he would have avoided her dangerous society, and left the field open to his rival. But there were times when, with the intuition of love, his heart throbbled wildly with the consciousness that her acknowledged a reciprocal feeling; and that idea was sufficient to put to flight the resolves of his less sanguine moments. Harwood's passion for Camilla was not less delicate than that of his friend. Had he believed she felt a shadow of preference for Grovener, he would have resigned his pretensions, though the peace of his soul would have been wrecked in the struggle; but Camilla's manner towards the friends when both were present, was such as to preclude all idea of preference; and when Harwood saw her alone, the natural sweetness of her nature, joined to the consciousness of being loved, gave to look and tone a gentleness, which, if it conveyed no positive hope, yet left him but little ground for fear.

Thus *indecision*, the only fault in the character of Camilla, gave to her conduct, in impartial eyes, the appearance of the most refined coquetry, while in fact she was only irresolute of purpose, and studious to avoid inflicting pain. Her heart acknowledged a preference for Grovener. The gentleness of his manners, the mingled strain of gaiety and sentiment in which he conversed with

her, and the sincerity apparent in every word and action, won upon her regard, and she felt more at ease, and happier in his society, than with his graver and impassioned friend. In the mean time, a coolness sprung up between the two friends, jealousy and reserve usurped the place of confidence and frankness; they no longer sought each other's society, and when they met at the house of Mrs. Hastings, a formal bow and a few unmeaning remarks was all the notice they took of each other.

It was after one of these meetings, when the change in the behavior of the rivals had been more than usually apparent, that Mrs. Hastings took occasion to warn her niece of the imprudence of her conduct. Camilla was not indifferent to the coolness between those, whose friendship had been almost proverbial. She felt herself to be the cause, and though still undecided as to the course she ought to pursue—still fearful lest her preference for one, if known, should widen the breach between them, and lead perhaps to worse consequences. She vainly endeavored to excuse herself on the plea that as neither had urged her positive acceptance she was not obliged to discourage either. Her heart, which, though wavering, was generous and feeling, whispered to her that she had to answer for the probable unhappiness of one, or both of those deserving young men, whose attachment to her merited at least an open conduct in return. She felt that she ought to have behaved towards Harwood from the first in such a manner as would have discouraged any hope of possessing more than her esteem. In this dilemma she was startled by the information that Grovener had left the city, and while surprise and some degree of chagrin disturbed her tranquility in no small degree, she received a visit and a formal proposal from Harwood. Agitated and confused, she requested him to await her answer, which she promised in the course of a few days. Again was indecision the bane of the unfortunate Camilla; for, encouraged to hope that her answer was only postponed, because she meant it to be favorable, Harwood's conversation was such as to convince her that he had wholly misinterpreted her conduct towards himself, and was persuaded that Grovener could have had little to hope from perseverance, or he would not thus have withdrawn himself. Piqued by those hints, her mind in a state of confusion, regret, and shame, Camilla sought the advice of Mrs. Hastings. That lady, in the full persuasion that her niece could not have trifled so long with her own happiness, had she felt any preference for the absent lover, strenuously urged her acceptance of Harwood's suit, and intimated to her that it was a course which honor and regard for her own character, imperatively demanded. Camilla's heart was full of the absent Grovener; but that he was absent, and had departed without taking leave of her, or soliciting the least token of her remembrance—that he had apparently forgotten that his manners, his looks, and his words had given her reason to expect a very different conduct on his part, convinced her that his actions had merely been the result of unmeaning gallantry, and that he probably believed her the heartless coquette she had appeared. Stung by these thoughts—humiliated by self-upbraidings—solicited by Harwood, and urged by her aunt, Camilla gave the promised answer, and it was favorable to Harwood's suit—if that acceptance can be called favorable which springs not from the heart, but is wrung from the lips by the dread of censure or by intreaty which springs from a weak and wavering will, and not from the firm approval, the decided preference, the devoted tenderness, which should dictate such acceptance. But Harwood saw nothing of this—his wishes and his hopes deceived him; and he was even generous enough to pity his friend Grovener, who, he was now convinced, loved without return.

Camilla's days were now spent in vain attempts to appear happy, and her nights in tears and painful retrospections. Sometimes

she fancied Grovener's absence was only temporary; that he would return unchanged in heart, and that heart as fondly attached to her as she had ever believed it. But this idea, far from alleviating her uneasiness, served only to give her additional pain. She had now gone too far to recede, and even were it not so, she felt she had not courage to avow the real state of her feelings.

In the course of a few weeks she became the bride of Harwood, and never was the solemn benediction bestowed on a more wretched bride; for on the very day preceding that of her marriage, she received a letter bearing a foreign post mark. It was from Grovener. He said,

"Camilla, I have vainly endeavored to forget you. I had hoped that absence might banish your image from my heart, that heart which is too proud to share your regard with another, and too honest to endeavor to supplant a friend. Camilla, after we last met I sought an interview alone with Harwood. He told me that he believed your affections were his—that it was his intention immediately to learn his fate from your lips. I could not await the issue of that choice. I have left you free; and yet, Camilla, in the few brief interviews, when his eye was not upon us, I have fondly thought your heart in unison with mine. Can eyes deceive? Could Camilla sport with the honest feelings of a devoted heart? But I will not upbraid you—ere this your election is made. You are the affianced bride of Harwood, or free to accept my vows; it you ever loved me I shall be recalled, and my Camilla is all I once believed her. If not—I dare not trust myself to dwell on the reverse—the note I left for you must have explained my motives. Then I yet may hope!"

It is needless to say that the note alluded to Camilla had never seen. In vain she inquired of the family, she could not learn that any such had arrived. Still irresolute, still wretched, she felt only that her fate was fixed—that to recede now was impossible, and that she had sacrificed her own happiness and that of Grovener.

Her evident distress alarmed Mrs. Hastings, who now understood her feelings and repented the counsel she had given her. Harwood was not blind to the dejection of his bride, nor ignorant of its cause, for unfortunately Camilla dropped the letter she had received from Grovener, from which he learned too much for his own peace. He however restored it to the place from whence he had taken it without comment, but from that moment jealousy, and a desire for revenge took possession of his soul. His was the spirit to brood over injuries, real or imaginary, to nurse his scorn instead of endeavoring to overcome it; and his resentment was deep in proportion as his love was passionate. Instead of pitying the weakness and irresolution which had sprung from a too gentle disposition, he looked on Camilla as an artful coquette, who had only accepted him when she believed the more favored lover had forsaken her. Camilla saw his scorn in his flashing eye—heard it in the tones of his voice; yet ignorant of the discovery he had made, she too felt herself injured, and having now an excuse for silence and reserve, she brooded over her own folly, the image of Grovener, and the harshness of her husband till life became a burthen almost too heavy to be endured. Harwood was not less wretched—his home was the scene of his greatest discontent—he dared not trust to the gentleness of Camilla's manner—he did not endeavor to gain her tenderness, or soothe her evident dejection. If she met him not with smiles of rapture, she never assailed him with reproaches—for she felt that she had injured him. Harwood fled to dissipation, and from dissipation to vice, till, with ruined fortunes and a broken constitution, he returned home, after an absence of many months—to die! Camilla wept by his pillow, and soothed his agonies. Harwood felt that he might have won her tenderness, but had thrown her from

him, and increased the load of sorrow which had weighed upon her spirits from the first, and had now reduced her also to the brink of the grave.

Harwood departed, confessing his errors; and a few weeks saw Camilla laid beside him. Her last hours were blessed by the presence of Grovener, who had flown to his early friends when informed of their danger. He forgave and blessed the dying Camilla, whose last hours were happier than her life had been. She died a victim to her own indecision.

H. M.

THE BIRTH OF FRENCH LIBERTY.

More than forty years ago, the justly celebrated Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, hailed the commencement of the French Revolution as an event fraught with consequences calculated to increase and extend the liberty and happiness of mankind. The sentiments which then inspired him are breathed in the following beautiful verses—not less distinguished by their poetic excellence, than by the ardent love for, and devoted attachment to, those great principles which it has been the object of Mr. Roscoe's life to promote and defend. These verses are appropriately revived at this moment.

O'er the vine cover'd hills and gay valleys of France,
See the day star of Liberty rise,
Through clouds of distraction unwearied advance,
And hold its new course in the skies.
An effulgence so mild, with a lustre so bright,
All Europe with wonder surveys,
And from deserts of darkness, and dungeons of night,
Contents for a share in the blaze.

Let Burke, like a bat, from its splendour retire,
A spendor too strong for his eyes;
Let pedants and fools his effusions admire,
Entrapt in his cobwebs like flies.
Shall frenzy and sophistry hope to prevail
When reason opposes her weight,
When the welfare of millions is hung in the scale,
And the balance yet trembles with fate?

Oh! who 'midst the darkness of night would abide
That can taste the sweet breezes of morn?
And who that has drank of the chrysaline tide,
To the feculent flood would return?
When the bosom of beauty the throbbing heart meets,
Ah! who would the transport decline?
And who that has tasted of Liberty's sweets,
The prize—with but life—would resign?

But 'tis over, high Heaven the decision approves,
Oppression has struggled in vain;
To the Hell she has formed Superstition removes,
And Tyranny gnaws her own chain.
In the records of time a new era unfolds,
All nature exults in the birth,
His creation, benign, the Creator beholds,
And gives a new charter to earth.

O, catch its high import ye winds as ye blow!
O, bear its ye waves as ye roll!
From the Nations that feel the Sun's vertical glow,
To the farthest extremes of the Pole.
Equal rights, equal laws to the Nations around,
Peace and friendship its precepts import;
And wherever the footsteps of man can be found,
May he bind the decrees on his heart!

EARLY AFFECTIONS.

I had been talking with my little boy—
My second one, just past his second year—
And talking seriously; for even a child,
So young, oft loves and wears the serious mood,
Adopting it most naturally and sweetly.
I had been telling him, that if he proved
A good, obedient boy, loving and mild,
And innocent, he would be loved of God,
And God would take him up at last to Heaven.
He knows that Heaven's a glorious, happy place;
What more, indeed, do any of us know?
And his eye brightened, as it answered mine;
But soon an anxious shade passed o'er his light,
And looking steadfastly, he said,
"And brother too?"

My child, my precious child!
Let it be ever thus. Still crave to share
All happiness, reward, and holiness,
With him, and we, your parents, will be blessed.
Greenwood.

RELIGION.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

Like snow that falls where waters glide,
Earth's pleasures fade away;
They melt in time's destroying tide,
And cold are while they stay;
But joys that from religion flow,
Like stars that gild the night,
Amid the darkest gloom of woe,
Shine forth with sweetest light.

Religion's ray no clouds obscure,
But o'er the Christian's soul
It sheds a radiance calm and pure,
Though tempests round him roll;
His heart may break 'neath sorrow's stroke,
But to its latest thrill,
Like diamonds shining when they're broke,
Religion lights it still.

LITERARY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NEW WORK ON WITCHCRAFT.—If there is anything which provokes an Editor who has a large circle of subscribers, beyond that of losing his whole list at once, it is the constant feeling that he is unable to present his readers with *all* that he desires to serve up as pleasing, instructive, or entertaining. We have found ourselves in this predicament frequently of late, and have been compelled to the labor of abridgment as the only resource left.—To-day we are in the same situation with Sir Walter's new work on "Demonology and Witchcraft." It contains much curious matter, with anecdotes in abundance. The book is in the form of ten letters to his son-in-law, in which the subjects are handled in a masterly manner. One anecdote we must abridge, though in its minute details exists its principal charm. An eminent physician was called in to attend a gentleman who held an elevated rank in society, of remarkably sound mind, good sense, and integrity. To all appearance he still performed his duties, but a slow pulse, want of appetite, and complete prostration of spirits, indicated certain disease either of mind or body. He carefully concealed the cause, and his family could give no account of any reason for his melancholy situation. His worldly affairs were prosperous, and nothing apparently had occurred which could be followed by such persevering distress. The arguments of his medical adviser, by which he impressed on him the idea that death under such circumstances would be followed by suspicions of his being guilty of some great crime, induced him at length to state his case frankly. In a private conversation he confessed that he was haunted by an apparition, to the actual existence of which he gave no credit, but which was killing him, because he was overcome and heart-broken by its imaginary presence. The physician wisely abstained from contradicting or ridiculing his patient's imaginary complaint, and drew from him a history of his disease.—He said its advances were gradual, and at first not of an unpleasant nature. At first he was embarrassed by the appearance of a large cat, which, *coming and disappearing*, he could not tell how, till the conviction was forced upon him, that it was no domestic cat, but a bubble of the elements, which only existed in his imagination. In a few months the cat gave place to, or was succeeded by an apparition of a more important character, that of a gentleman-usher, dressed as if to wait on royalty. This personage, in full court dress, always walked before him into every room, as if to announce him, sometimes appearing to mingle with the company, though they were not aware of his presence. This freak led the patient to reflect deeply on the nature of his disorder, and alarmed him for the effects it might produce on his intellects.—After the space of a few months the phantom of the gentleman-usher was succeeded by one horrible to the sight and distressing to the imagination, being no other than the image of death itself—the apparition of a *skeleton*. "Alone, or in company," said the unfortunate invalid, "the presence of this last phantom never quits me." All his exertions were insufficient to shake off this affection of his deranged organs, and he became convinced he should die the victim of so melancholy a disease, although he had no belief whatever of the reality of the phantom.—The physician was distressed to perceive how strongly this visionary apparition was fixed in the imagination of his patient. He ingeniously urged the sick man, who was then in bed, with questions of the phantom's appearance, trusting he might lead him, as a sensible man, into such contradictions and inconsistencies as might bring

his common sense, which seemed to be impaired, so strongly into the field, as might combat successfully the fantastic disorder which was producing such fatal effects. "The skeleton then," said the doctor, "appears to you to be always present to your eyes?" "It is my fate, unhappily," answered the invalid, "always to see it." To further questions he said it appeared then immediately at the foot of the bed, between the opened curtains, which space it seemed to fill. He now asked his patient to rise and ascertain by touching the spot, that it was a delusion; but the invalid said he had not courage. "Well," said the doctor, "we will try the experiment otherwise." Accordingly he placed himself between the two half drawn curtains, and asked if the spectre was still visible. "Not entirely so," replied the patient, "because your person is berwixt him and me; but I observe his skull peering above your shoulder."—The man of science was himself frightened at an answer indicating such close contact with a spectre! He resorted to other means with equally indifferent success. The patient sunk into deeper dejection, and died in the same distress of mind in which he had spent the latter months of his life, and his case remains a melancholy instance, says the talented author, of "the power of the imagination to kill the body, even when its fantastic terrors cannot overcome the intellect of the unfortunate persons who suffer under them. Such instances we may hope are rare; but they present solemn warnings to all to avoid the indulgence of imaginary griefs, as the strongest minds may become the victims of a phantom. The book forms a volume of the Family Library, and has been issued from the prolific press of the Harpers of New York.—We shall return to its contents as time and space will permit.

JOURNAL OF THE HEART; Philadelphia, Carey and Lea.

A reprint from the London edition of a work highly and deservedly commended. Its morality is of a deep and genuine character, while the lively and narrative portions are interesting. Several tales scattered through its pages are well told, though occupying too much space for us to extract them. We give an article on Sunday, as a specimen both of the style and feeling of the author.

SUNDAY.

HINTS TOWARDS PASSING IT DELIGHTFULLY.

"The cares of life, the sorrows of the heart, the evils of imagination, (which are sometimes worse than a reality of woe,) frequently make an eclipse between the moral sunshine and our feelings; it is well at times, when this is not the case, to lay up a store of luminous thoughts, to which he may have recourse when that night cometh; and from whence can these emanate, but from a pious and serene spirit, which refers all things to God—from the Light of light! "In the day of prosperity rejoice, but in the day of adversity consider." How shall we be enabled to do either, if we do not seek to do so—with the wisdom which is from above, and which maketh wise the simple?"

To this end, may I, above all things, learn not only to employ my Sabbaths on earth according to the public ordinances, but so to enjoy them, that they may be days of cheerfulness and delight to me here, and of perfect, everlasting bliss to me hereafter. It is possible to *learn* to enjoy the Sabbath; to make to ourselves, according to the dispositions of our minds, such constant and various occupations throughout the sacred day, as to leave no wearisomeness or disgust on the mind—a natural infirmity, which assails most persons at all times of the holy day. But I have tried, and with considerable success, to over-

come this miserable inaptitude to spiritual enjoyment; and some of the methods which I believe to be salutary, and conducive to this desired end, if it pleases God to bless them, are the following:—

To attend public worship, if it be practicable, twice in the day; not because the mere going to church is holy, though it is one of the appointed means to become holy, but because it secures some hours during which none of the impertinences of an idle world can interrupt my thoughts, or tempt me to seek vain pleasures. To exalt my mind before attending on public service, by private prayer; by the thought that the saints upon earth, all really Christians certainly, and it may be, some savages and heathens, although *ignorantly*, are, at the very same time, raising up their hearts to their Creator and Redeemer, blessing and worshipping Him, and that it would be indeed perverse were I alone to remain insensible to this glorious privilege—a privilege which saints and angels desire to share. To recall to mind all my blessings, the probability of their being withdrawn if I forgot God, the loss of what I love best by death, or my own immediate call to answer in another life for my deeds in this; when such events chance to others, I deem them casualties when they apply to myself, I am astounded, and call them unutterable and heavy afflictions. Yet what right have I to expect exemption from misfortune; am I even grateful for blessings received? I purpose to exalt my mind by these and similar thoughts, to grateful aspirations, devout supplications; to arouse and terrify it, if it slumbers, by bringing home to myself the warnings which I see around me, and I must be hardened indeed, if I do not find ample matter in these exercises to keep off all weariness during the Sabbath of rest.

When at church, should the address from the pulpit appear weak or irrelevant to my own wants, I purpose to turn to the text in my Bible, and make a sermon for myself. To remember that there is always something in the duldest discourse, from which I may derive much benefit. I will venture to assert, that when my mind and heart have been well disposed to receive instruction, there never was one sermon read or preached, in my hearing, which has not been fraught with useful lessons. It may be the more difficult to follow up a heavy or clogged discourse, than an eloquent or clear one; it may require humility to listen with attention to what I am too apt to call common-place truths; but in so doing, there is much exercise for many virtues.

First, I am to walk humbly with my God; and how can I do this, but by humility to his creatures? Let me believe that the clergyman, be he highly gifted or not, has endeavored to do his best—and let me do mine—not cavalling at his deficiencies, but trying to improve my own. I purpose to do this; and when I have so schooled myself, I shall, I am sure, find this method not only practicable, but exceedingly serviceable and entertaining. To go on throughout the day.

Public worship being over, between its intervals I would take exercise in the fields or the gardens; but not in the resort of the dissipated and the thoughtless—moderate refreshment of aliment, because, to delicate persons, long fasting is injurious, even to mental exertion; but no excess. An avoidance of any promiscuous assembly or worldly display, because these must lead the mind from that spiritual communion which it is holiness and everlasting happiness to seek for, more particularly on the Sabbath. Let those who have it in their power, rather resort to scenes of nature, than to busy scenes of assembled thoughtless multitudes, and behold their Creator in his works—these will speak to the duldest, most insensate spirit.

Books.—It has been justly remarked of the propensity of some people to collect great quantities of books for show, and not for service, that they resemble hunch-backed people, who carry

a great burden which they never see. It is a vain parade, under which, if an illiterate man thinks to cover his ignorance, he commits a great mistake; for while he appears to affect modesty, he dances naked in a net to hide his shame.

CLIPPINGS.

The Belfast papers say that upwards of 3000 weavers are starving in that town on their earnings of 4s. per week. The poor weavers seem to suffer everywhere.

More than 30 American citizens have been killed by the Aricake Indians within a few years.

Our city continues to be infested with swarms of music grinders. The police (if we have any) pay no attention to the complaints of the public.

Warder Cresson has published a strange book: it is called, *Babylon the Great is Falling*, Light from on High, the Morning Star, with other lunatic chapters.

A Sunday paper has been established in Boston. Who would have believed that pious, thanksgiving Boston would have been the first to do so?

Trouble in the Camp.—Seventeen wives and nine husbands have applied to the Supreme Court of Rhode Island for divorces.

The small pox has made its appearance in Winchester, Virginia. The municipal authorities have recommended general vaccination.

In Italy the Bark of the Willow is administered against Intermittent Fevers, in preference to the Peruvian; this for our medical readers.

A Tortoise lately died at Peterborough, England, which had lived in the city near 200 years: we can't match that.

The Juniper (berry) in French is called *Genevre*, which has been shortened to *Gen*, and thence *Gin*; so says Doctor Mitchell.

The Common Council of Charleston, S. C. have invited General Jackson to visit their city. It is said that he will accept the invitation.

It appears by a statement in *Silliman's Journal*, No. 59, that 1,500 persons have been destroyed in this country by explosions from steamboat boilers.

Mr. F. A. Hayden, of Lincoln, Mass. has gathered from his farm, in Lincoln, this season, 400 bushels of Cranberries, which he sold in Boston, last week, for \$600.

The Legislature of Georgia, now in session, has had before it a proposition to enable jurors to find verdicts on a vote of two-thirds. It was negatived.

Within the last week, says a New York paper, the halls of not less than 16 or 20 boarding houses have been entered and robbed of hats, umbrellas, great coats, &c.

The ship *Tallahassee* cleared at Charleston, on the 6th inst. for Liverpool, with a cargo of 1910 bales of Upland Cotton, all below deck, weighing 585,284 lbs. and valued at \$67,328 94.

The journeyman hatters of London are manufacturing for the Queen a riding hat, the weight of which is not to exceed four ounces.

In a coffee room, New York, the flavor of the coffee is first obtained by cold instead of hot water, and the liquor afterwards heated. It is said to be superior.

Caleb Atwater, Esq. well known in Ohio as a political essayist, is engaged in writing a book concerning the north-western Indians.

An opinion prevails, that an attempt will be made at the next session of Congress to repeal the Indian Bill of the last

An infant school has been established lately at Methuen. The first day it was opened, the pupils were so well pleased with their entertainment that they cried to stay all night.

It is proposed to construct a lateral rail road from the Baltimore and Ohio rail road to the city of Washington.

How carelessly we read the newspapers! We glance our eyes over the marriages and deaths, and, seeing no acquaintance there, we think no more of them.

Who is the best man? Not he who makes the greatest show, or the most noise. But he who does the most good at the least expense.

Who is the best farmer? Not he who has the largest farm or the most land. But he who does all his work at the right time, and in the right way.

Who is the best lawyer? Not he who makes the most writs, or gets the most money. But he who has the most knowledge, and uses that knowledge honestly.

Who is the best politician? Not he who rides the fence till he sees which side is the strongest.

Why is a man who gets into a boat without oars, like a dumb lion? Because he can't row her.

Why is he who stops an Ass in the road, like an army commencing battle? Because he makes the Ass halt.

Why is a man who throws a burning brand out of doors like an extinguisher? Because he puts out fire.

Why is a man in debt like him who is pecked by fowls? Because he has bills against him.

A case has occurred in New York, of a Minister of Religion denying the sacrament to a Mason!

A writer in the Cincinnati Tiler says that 50 years will close the scene of silk importations into the U. States.

The Governor of New Jersey has appointed Thursday the 16th of December, a day of Thanksgiving and Praise.

A new species of corn, from China, has been introduced into Ireland—a sort of skinless oats, the most valuable produce in any country.

Fuel is cheaper in New York this season than it has been since 1788, chiefly owing to the rivalry of the Lehigh, Schuylkill and Lackawanna coal companies.

There has been published lately at Petersburg a very curious work in four volumes, containing autograph and unpublished letters of Peter the Great.

The Georgia Legislature has chosen Mr. Forsyth to the Senate. For Forsyth 139 votes, Fort 47, scattering 18.

John Randolph, with his master's effects, went passenger in the sloop *Crawford*, which sailed from Boston, for Virginia, on Tuesday.

The Managers of the Female Orphan Asylum of Annapolis, intend holding an annual fair in January next.

Finn's Comic Annual has just been issued in Boston. It is said to be a comical affair.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 11.

FORTUNE.—That there is in the life of most men a tide in their affairs which, taken at the ebb, flows on to prosperity, is an axiom as old as the world. To Shakspeare we are indebted for putting the thought into such language as to make it familiar to all. The instances of the rapid accumulation of money in this country, which could be quoted, are numerous beyond belief—industry and economy are sure of their reward. Places of profit and honor too, are open to all. We have in Pennsylvania a Judge who was brought up a shoemaker, but whose ill health obliging him to quit that business, he kept a small school, and studied law. He now fills his station on the bench with much reputation. Who are the owners and occupiers of the large, costly, and convenient dwellings which have risen up in such countless numbers during the past twenty years? They are persons who have grown rich by the labor of their own hands—mechanics who have gained the confidence of the public by their upright conduct, steady activity, honesty, and sobriety. Where is the aristocracy which existed in so much force in this city forty years ago? Gone—the descendants of the once rich and powerful are new at the bottom of the wheel, and it is not without pleasure that we see many of them in the workshop, studying the principles of mechanics—preparing to be the artificers of their own fortunes. Some there are however, whose pride keeps them from exertion—poor and proud, they disdain to use the only means in their power to reclaim their consideration in society.—Education is the great theme of popular discussion at the present day; certainly we should be the last to undervalue its advantages, which cannot be appreciated by those who have never enjoyed its great and peculiar pleasures—but in educating Americans, we would rather give them such instruction as would qualify them for *artificers* than for *scholars*—the exact sciences should be the first studied, and when leisure presents, they will go of themselves to belles-lettres and light literature—the exact sciences will lead on to fortune—fortune is power—it is to fortune that we all aspire, and we must confess that the instances of great wealth in this city would argue but little for the advantages of classical education. We set out with a prospect of summing up dame fortune's attributes—to return to our subject, we will quote from an old manuscript a description of the blind goddess.

FORTUNE.

Fortune is sweet, Fortune is sour,
Fortune will laugh, Fortune will lower,
The fading fruit of Fortune's flower
Doth ripe and rot within an hour.
Fortune can give, Fortune can take,
Fortune can mar, Fortune can make;
When others sleep, poor I do wake
And all for unkind Fortune's sake;
Fortune sets up, Fortune pulls down,
Fortune soon loves, but hates as soon:
She is less constant than the moon,
She'll give a groat, and take a crown.

ANAGRAMS.—The lady who sometime since was so kind as to send us her collection of *anagrams*, writes that she has commenced the study of *Anagrams*, which she finds are of very ancient respectability. She invites us to "write an article" on the subject, promising that if we do so she will send a few contributions. We dare not disobey so pleasing a correspondent, and consequently have thrown together as much on the subject as half an hour's study would permit.

The writing of Anagrams, trivial as this recreation may now appear, was once the favorite amusement of men of learning and ingenuity, and has found an advocate in one of the most learned writers of Britain—Camden in his "Remains," having bequeathed to the world a treatise on the subject. He calls the charming difficulty of making an Anagram, "a whetstone of patience to them that shall practice it, for some have been seen to bite their pen, scratch their heads, bite their lips, beat the table, tear their paper, when the names were fair for somewhat, and caught nothing therein."—An Anagram is a dissolution of a name into the letters as its elements, and a new connection of it by artificial transpositions, without addition, subtraction, or change of any letter, into different words, making some perfect sense applicable to the person or thing named. Thus James Stuart by transposing the letters, becomes]

"A just master."

It is related that Thomas Billon was so great an Anagrammatist, that he was retained by Louis XIII with a pension of 1200 livres, in quality of Anagrammatist to the king! It is on proper names that Anagrams have chiefly been exercised, and much of their merit lies in the association of ideas—"a trifle can only produce what is trifling, but an elegant mind may delight by some elegant allusions." By a slight reversing of the letters of the name of the celebrated Sir Thomas Wiat, we have his own designation—"a wit." Randle Holmes, the author of a treatise on Heraldry, was complimented by an expressive Anagram

"Lo! men's herald."

A very happy effect was produced on the wife of Sir John Davies the poet, who from having been successful in some of her predictions, conceived she was a prophetess—from Eleanor Davies she made the Anagram "Reveal, o Daniel!"—It had too much by an *l*, and too little by an *s*, but *Daniel* and *Reveal* were in it, and that was sufficient to satisfy her inspirations. As her prophecies in the troubled times of Charles I. were generally against the government, she was at last brought before the high court of commission. The bishops and the lawyers reasoned and argued without effect, "she poisoning text against text," until one of the deans "shot her through and through with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver." Taking up a pen he hit upon this excellent Anagram—

"Dame Eleanor Davies: Never so mad a ladie."

This happy fancy threw the solemn court into laughter, and Dame Eleanor Davies into the utmost dejection of spirits.

Addison relates an anecdote of an Anagrammatist, who after shutting himself up for half a year, and taking many liberties with the name of his mistress, discovered on presenting his Anagram that he had misspelt her surname!

We have selected only a few samples from our scrap book of ancient Anagrams, to exhibit the ingenuity of the writers in former times in this art. The recollection of our readers will supply many of modern date; the following is very descriptive of the melancholy event which it records. The letters P. C. must here be taken to stand for Princess Charlotte.

Princess Charlotte Augusta, of Wales—

P. C.

Her august race is lost!

O! fatal news!

After quoting a few more which occur to our memory, we shall hope to receive a collection from our female correspondent next week.

Revolution	Love to ruin.
Charades	Hard Case.
Lawyers	Sly ware.
Telegraph	Great help.
Catalogue	Got as a clue.

APPALLING OPERATION.—Our readers have not yet forgotten the article entitled *Cancer*, which we copied so recently from Blackwood's Magazine, detailing an operation on a lady for the removal of that horrible disease. Written as it was, by a professed magazine author, a strong degree of interest was enlisted in behalf of an amiable sufferer. But the case narrated below, possesses higher claims to the sympathy of humanity, and only lacks a skilful writer to make it one of the most thrilling narratives ever penned. The operation was performed in the Cincinnati Eye Infirmary.

Miss E. H. an interesting girl, seventeen years of age, was brought from one of the interior towns of our state, in May last, and placed under the care of Doctor Drake, the surgeon of the Infirmary. Her malady was a case, in the language of the profession, of *Exophthalmos*, or protruded eye-ball, which commenced in April, 1829. The whole eye was so far protruded as to occasion an unpleasant deformity, and at times, the spasmodic action of the parts, projected the globe so far out of the socket upon the cheek, that the lids contracted behind it.—This protrusion of the eye arose from a tumor which occupied a part of the entire concave of the upper portion of the socket. The operation consisted in the removal of this tumor, and that if possible, without causing the destruction of the eye.

"With a pair of curved scissors," says the surgeon, "I separated its adhesions with the socket, to a considerable depth, when hooking it with a tenaculum, I endeavored to bring it forward; but it was found to adhere firmly at or towards the bottom of the socket, and the pulling gave pain. On applying greater force to the hook, it tore out, and there escaped with the blood, a considerable quantity of gelatinous fluid, part of which was transparent, and the rest semi-opaque, and more indurated. By this discharge, the tumor was sensibly diminished towards the outer canthus, but retained its figure towards the inner, where I then inserted the tenaculum, and again resorted to the scissors, carrying them as deep into the socket as could be done without injuring the optic nerve, at its entrance through the foramen. On again applying force to the hook, it tore out, and a fresh discharge of the contents occurred. A finger could now be introduced into the cyst, and carried nearly to the bottom of the orbit. Employing it as a director, I seized different parts of the sack, and tore them off, but its posterior attachments remained, and pulling at them gave pain as before. With a finger, and the handle of a scalpel, I removed an additional quantity of the semi-fluid contents. The cord of nerves and muscles could now be distinctly felt, and the globe of the eye, which retained all its movement, could be pressed into the socket, but no return of sight was the consequence. In this state of things, the question arose, whether I should finish the operation by the extirpation of the eye, and the entire contents of the orbit, or leave the remnants of the sack to slough away, or shrink up, and remain subject to absorption in the adipose substance of the socket. As the patient was a young female, it seemed desirable, if possible, to retain the sclerotic ball, that she might be supplied with an artificial eye, having movements in harmony with the other, and I determined to finish the operation as it then was."

We have quoted this much of the case that the reader may better judge of the fortitude of this youthful female. She was fully informed of the nature of the operation—that it would be highly painful, and most probably result in the entire loss of her eye. She had no mother or other female friends present to sustain her, but calmly took her seat in the Infirmary, amidst the array of instruments necessary in the performance of the operation, and surrounded by some half a dozen physicians, entire strangers to her, who had been invited to be present on the occasion. She manifested the utmost composure, spoke cheerfully just as the surgeon was commencing his labors, and without being confined to her chair, sat with surprising fortitude and silence until the operation was fully completed.

It gives us pleasure to state, that although the sight is not restored, the eye is saved; and the great deformity avoided, that would have been consequent upon its removal.

THEATRICAL.

ARCH STREET THEATRE.

Under the present able and efficient management of this house, a large share of public patronage has been awarded to it during the present season, without any symptoms of a falling off. In spite of the forebodings of many, and the decided predictions of others, that theatricals in this city were far gone in a hopeless decline, the winter campaign has opened with a degree of spirit which puts all fears to rest. The lavish expenditures of managers have been met with corresponding liberality by the public, and so far at least, we believe that three theatres in Philadelphia have done a profitable business. For the encouragement of managers who have put forth so many, and such decided claims to public favor, we hope this flourishing state of affairs may continue.

At the Arch Street House, immense crowds have been attracted by Forrest, who has played his usual round of characters, interspersed with an occasional representation of *Metamora*, a tragedy by the way, as wholly worthless as any ever acted upon any stage, and utterly unworthy of the great and original incidents it professes to delineate. It never fails however, in that sterling merit of drawing overwhelming houses, to the solid profit of both managers and actor. We have heard it stated that for every night in which Mr. Forrest appears as *Metamora*, he receives the snug sum of three hundred dollars. Being the proprietor of the tragedy, and having carefully refrained from publishing it, the profits are exclusively his, while by adopting the latter precaution, the public at large are not allowed to judge of its real merits by a calm and leisure perusal of a tragedy so inordinately over-rated.

On Monday our little favorite, Clara Fisher, appeared at the Arch Street in the *Belle's Stratagem*. She was greeted by a well filled and fashionable house, and the performance went off with the spirit it usually does when that character is filled by one so perfect in its mysteries as Miss F. Other attractions have been presented at this house, which we have not time to specify, all sufficiently indicating a determination on the part of the managers to use their utmost powers to ensure the public approbation.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.

On Tuesday evening a crowded and highly fashionable audience attended the representation of Lewis's comedy of the *East Indian*. We need only mention that Mrs. Duff appeared as *Zorayda*, and Mr. Wood as *Modish*, to convince our readers that the most entire satisfaction was experienced by all who witnessed it. Mrs. Duff is a host alone—her mild, tender, and perfectly unaffected manner, united to talent of the loftiest order, has made her a favorite with every one who has had the happiness to witness her performance. Without being what is called beautiful, or what would be considered so by the majority, there is a charm in all her looks and movements pre-eminently and exclusively her own. As the conscience-stricken *Zorayda*, she drew tears from the eyes of an audience, who, at the first glance, had yielded up their hearts in admiration. Of Wood it were indeed useless to remark that he again did that which he does always—proved himself the main pillar of the stage he ever managed so well.

The *East Indian* was followed by a "fantasia" on the flute from Cuddy, to whom much fame has been awarded by the newspapers. It was no doubt well played; but had he given us one or two popular tunes which all in the house would understand, the company would have gone home much better pleased.

After this little interlude, Mrs. Knight came forward in the very amusing petite comedy of Perfection, in the course of which she gave us the delightful song of "Kate Kearney," and drew down a hearty *encore* from every corner of the house. As usual, the repetition was even more delightful. As the State House struck eleven, the curtain dropped for the evening, the performance being closed at that seasonable hour through the judicious policy of the Stage Manager, who suffers no unnecessary time to be lost between the acts—a policy too, we should like to see introduced elsewhere.

THEATRES.—A very sensible writer in the *Inquirer* under the signature of Roscius, has some excellent remarks on the judicious management of the stage. He contends that when properly conducted, the stage will always be found a powerful auxiliary in the cause of virtue and literature, while the consequences of a contrary system are equally baneful. There is no question but our managers should exercise greater caution in the selection of pieces for representation, carefully examining, and where necessary, pruning, so that nothing offensive, particularly with regard to female delicacy, be introduced. All *double entendres*, vulgar expressions, and profane language, should be expunged, and the style calculated to *improve* our taste in literature, not to vitiate it. The performers should also be compelled to speak no more than is set down for them, for some have a too ready disposition to take liberties with their author, introducing extraneous matter, not only ill-timed and out of place, but frequently offensive and injudicious. The management of the theatre in Chesnut Street, is probably quite, if not more unexceptionable, in those particulars, than any similar establishment in the country; and we have no doubt the good sense of the manager will be seconded by the approbation and encouragement of the community. It will encourage others to do likewise.

MASTER BURKE.—A correspondent from New York is in raptures when speaking of the performances of that wonderful boy, Master Burke, called the Irish Roscius. This youth is now delighting the Yorkers with his versatility and precocious talents, drawing nightly overflowing houses. As he is engaged at the Arch Street Theatre, our play-goers may be gratified with the following notice from the pen of our valued correspondent:—"I went last evening rather late to witness the performance of Master Burke at the Park Theatre. The house was full to the very top row, making, I should suppose, about \$1600 for those concerned. The Merchant of Venice was the first performance, in which Master Burke sustained with much credit the difficult part of the Jew. In some of his readings he certainly was as effective as any performer I ever saw; the audience was highly gratified, testifying their pleasure by shouts of unusual strength. But the greatest pleasure was reserved for the after-piece, entitled "the March of Intellect," in which our youthful hero personated six different characters. He played spiritedly on the violin, sung comic songs, danced sailor's hornpipes, talked Irish and Italian, kicked the waiters, and excited as much mirth as I ever saw produced in the same space of time in a theatre. His appearance is a decided hit, both for his parents and the manager, and I can safely promise you a good laugh when he visits your city. Yours, &c."

FORTUNE TELLING.—This silly business is carried on to a singular extent in this city; entirely too much for the credit of those who are willing to make themselves ridiculous by contributing to the support of a set of worthless

impostors. There are a number of rookeries about town where the trade is followed, the most remarkable of which is in the south west part of the city, where a yellow woman, a native we believe of one of the West India Islands, attracts crowds. We are assured her residence is thronged from morning to night, and by females too, who pretend to consider themselves respectable. We have heard of some who have waited all day until their "turn" should come, particularly a party of ladies—they would have themselves pass for fashionable belles—who, not more than a week since, left their homes immediately after eating a very early breakfast, sought out the sorceress in an obscure, dirty alley, and absolutely passed the whole day—dinnerless and supperless—until near ten o'clock, waiting to have their "fortunes told!" It can hardly be believed that any females could be found in our city weak-minded and foolish enough to render themselves so ridiculous, but so it is; and the fortune teller, as she is called, is pocketing from ten to fifteen dollars a day for merely gulling a parcel of flats, by telling them pretty stories about getting married! A friend has promised to furnish us with the result of fourteen different calls, made during the last week, upon half that number of the profession, two visits to each, at different times, and in a different dress, with a view of shaming, if possible, some members of her family, (who have absolutely become infatuated with the fortune telling mania) by exposing the weak falsehoods by which they permit themselves to be imposed upon. If the narrative should be likely to serve any useful purpose, or afford amusement to our readers, we shall give it a place.

EXPEDITION.—The Water Witch, or the Skimmer of the Sea, we perceive has already been dramatised from Cooper's unpublished novel, and is announced as forthcoming at the Chesnut Street Theatre. It has been adapted to the stage by a gentleman of this city. The booksellers must look to it, or their profits will be curtailed. There has been already an unaccountable delay since the work was announced, and the development of the plot, (one half the interest of a novel) is in a fair way of preceding the publication. This is not dealing fairly by the author, who will come before the (Philadelphia) public shorn of his rays, at least in the estimation of the mere novel reader, who, without dipping very deeply into the literary merits of a work, is content to skim the surface merely to ascertain the *finale* of the story. As such constitute by far the largest portion of readers, they will probably be gratified through the manager's agency, without even the labor of cutting the leaves, or the trouble of reading the book.

THE WREATH, OR LADIES' REPOSITORY.—This pretty title we find prefixed to a miserably printed sheet issued from the Village of Seneca Falls, N. Y. The publisher very modestly says in his prospectus, "the printing shall be executed in a manner which will vie with any similar publication of the day," a promise redeemed by about as villainous a compound of types and ink as has lately disgraced the press. The editorial head is admirably set off with an *early* notice of Ivanhoe, a work written, it seems, by one Walter Scott. This is followed by an "Extraordinary Cabbage," with which it appears the concern has been presented. It measures seven feet six inches in height, and the two heads put together, will no doubt make an interesting affair. Between the two, viz. Editorial head *versus* Cabbage head, the public will no doubt be amused, and we hope benefitted in the bargain.

LICENSE OF POETS.—In a curious old manuscript preserved by a learned gentleman of this city, there is the following verses on the death of Queen Elizabeth, which strongly exhibit the license which a poet may take in celebrating his theme.

Weep, little isle! and for thy mistress' death,
Swim in a double sea of brackish water!
Weep, little world! for great Elizabeth,
Daughter of war, for Mars himself begat her!
Mother of peace, for she bore the latter.
She was and is (what can there more be said?)
On earth the best, in Heaven a saintly maid.

But this is excelled by another poet, who described the national grief in the following stanzas:—

The Queen was brought by water to Whitehall,
At every stroke the oars did tears let fall;
More clung about the barge; fish under water
Wept out their eyes of pearls, and swam blind after.

I think the bargemen might with easier thighs,
Have rowed her thither in her people's eyes.

COMMUNICATION.

MR. EDITOR.—I occasionally see a good epigram in your very excellent repository of news and literature, and at the risk of copying some old ones from my commonplace book, I send you a few which I have gradually collected as specimens of the better sort. Your constant reader

ATTICUS.

EXPEDITION EXEMPLIFIED.

"Asham'd of loose, inglorious ease,"
Cries Tom, "I'll tempt the dangerous seas;
And on Valencia's plain, lay low,
With vengeful arm, the recreant foe."
At twelve, the wond'ring guests discover
The gallant man's already *half seas over!*

ON A VERY SHORT LADY, ACCUSED OF PRIDE.

"She's vastly proud," I've heard you cry,
But you must be in fun;
For does she not (in truth reply)
Look up to every one?

ON A PARSON, WHO FELL ASLEEP AT A PARTY.
Still let him sleep, still let us talk, my friends,
When next he preaches, we'll have full amends.

SPITHEAD.

Our prince has chosen well the coast
His royal yacht should steer to;
'Tis fit that he, who rules the roost,
Spithead should anchor near to.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARIEL.

LA GRANGE, ALA. Oct. 31st, 1830.

SIR—I would present you with some items for your common-place book, if I could think you had time to read them. But I am aware that an Editor who attends strictly to his business, has very little leisure time. The Elysian state of North Alabama, anticipated by a Huntsville paper in the Spring, has not—been realised—owing to the excessive drought in the Summer, take it throughout, and there are little more than half crops. The accounts you gave of the sufferings of the poor of Great Britain are truly touching—I would say—

Friends of the generous and brave,
Let feelings of compassion arise,
And extend the relief that would save
The pale son of Erin—ere he dies.

Strange must be the feelings, hard must be the heart of that man who cannot shed one tear of sympathy over suffering humanity. You can inform your neighbors who are so much alarmed at the arrival of paupers from England and Ireland that they need entertain no fears of being inundated, for Uncle Sam has now more land in the South and West, than will be cultivated for an hundred centuries to come; and if the indefatigable Georgians are let alone, we shall have a considerable augmentation; for it appears they are determined that not an In-

shall remain this side the Mississippi, perhaps the Rocky Mountains.

A Texas fever rages in many parts of this country. Many farmers happily situated in the Tennessee Valley, which is well known to be one of the most fertile in the United States, have sold out, and removed to Texas, where they say people are never sick, (and of course never die) and where they are sure of making great fortunes in a short time.

I need not tell you that I am well pleased with the *Ariel*; but I should like it better, if it was oftener accompanied with engravings. In one of your last numbers you solicit drawings—I have made arrangements to procure one; the scene which it proposes to represent is quite interesting. When I have seen it, and find the execution good, it shall be forwarded.

Yours respectfully, A. J. K.

CLIPPINGS.

A late legal decision in Rhode Island, Gardner vs. Collins, is said, by a Providence writer, to cut deep into the landed titles in that state.

The Gold Region of the United States is found to extend from Virginia to Alabama.

The Biography of Henry Clay, by George D. Prentice, is in course of publication, and will be ready for delivery by the first of February.

Albany will have the first gilded Dome in America. Domes in Canada appear to be silvered, but are only covered with tin.

Counterfeit \$5 bills, U. S. Branch Bank, payable at Washington, good imitations, have been detected in N. Jersey—they are payable to the order of, and endorsed, R. Smith, Cashier; letter C.

The citizens of Baltimore are about to imitate those of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, in having a house for Juvenile Offenders; but they expect liberal aid from the State Legislature.

PAPER RUFFLES.—The Boston Transcript says that paper shirt ruffles are sold in that city "two for a cent apiece."

The Creek Indians who moved beyond the Mississippi, are stated to have raised a surplus of from fifty to sixty thousand bushels of corn the past season.

A gentleman recently bought a fine turkey in the Washington City market, weighing 19 lbs. for 75 cents—only 4 cts. per lbs.

NAPOLEON has been made the subject of several melo-dramatic pieces, in the theatres of Paris.

The Gazette de France observes—France within the last forty years, has tried every kind of government, except the *Federal Republic*, to which the current is now setting with almost irresistible force.

Blackwood's Magazine represents the internal peace and the monarchy of Great Britain as in extreme danger from the excitement of the times.

A gentleman one morning asked a little bare-foot boy, what his mother did for a living? "She eats cold victuals, Sir," was his reply.

The Charleston City Gazette gives a favorable account of the success of the new Locomotive Engine on the Charleston Rail Road; the engine will carry four times its own weight.

Ship Plato, Dimmock, has performed a voyage from Boston to London, and thence to Hampton Roads, in 72 days; landing 644 hhds. tobacco, and taking in 200 tons ballast.

In New Orleans, on the 1st ult. an increase of 477 to the population was manifest by the arrival of 251 passengers and 226 slaves.

The Baltimore American mentions having received a present of remarkably fine strawberries, some of them of a very large size, which had been just gathered, and were of delicious flavor.

Why are a scolding woman's hands like a fur cap? Because they will keep your ears warm.

A woman is never so well pleased as when she has made a conquest.

If there were no offices of profit or honor, there would be but few zealous politicians.

When dissimulation becomes necessary, mistrust the honesty of the business.

A public ball was given, a short time ago, by the citizens of Tallahassee, to Colonel Achille Marat, on his departure for Europe.

HISTORICAL.

At a time when so much is in controversy respecting the rights of the Indians, the following account of the first settlement of Savannah, Geo. will not be deemed uninteresting to our readers. It is taken from Southey's *Life of Wesley*:

"The site of the new settlement was on the banks of the river Savannah, which bends like a sickle in that part; the banks are about forty feet high, and on the top is, what in the language of the colonies is called, a bluff; plain high ground, extending about half a mile along the river, and some five or six miles up the country. Ships, drawing twelve feet water may ride within ten yards of the shore.—In the centre of the plain the town was marked out, opposite an island of rich pasturage. From the key there was a fine prospect of the coast in one direction, and an island called Tybee in the mouth of the river, on the other the wide stream, bordered with high woods on both sides, glittered in the distance as far as the eye could reach. The country belonged to the Creek Indians; they were computed at this time to amount to about 25,000 souls; war and disease, and the vicissitudes of savage life, having greatly reduced their numbers. An Indian woman who had married a trader from Carolina acted as interpreter between the English and her countrymen; her services were at first purchased with presents, and liberally rewarded afterwards by an annuity of a hundred pounds. Fifty chiefs and elders, from the eight tribes who composed the confederacy of the Creeks, were deputed to confer with Oglethorpe, and treat of an alliance. In the name of his confederated tribes, Weccachumpa, the Long Chief, informed the British adventurers what was the extent of country which they claimed as their inheritance; he acknowledged the superiority of the white men to the red; he said that they were persuaded that the Great Power who dwelt in heaven and all around, (and he threw his hands abroad, and prolonged his articulation as he spoke,) had sent the English thither for their good, and therefore they were welcome to all the land which the Creeks did not use themselves.

Tomo Chichi, to whose tribe this part of the country belonged, then presented him with a buffalo skin adorned on the inside with the head and feathers of an eagle. The eagle, said he, signifies speed, and the Buffalo strength. The English were swift as the eagle and strong as the Buffalo. Like the eagle they flew over the great waters to the uttermost parts of the earth; and like the Buffalo they were so strong that nothing could withstand them! The feathers of the eagle were soft, and signified love; the skin of the Buffalo was warm, and signified protection; therefore he hoped the English would love and protect the little family of the Creeks. The alliance was soon concluded, a stipulation being made, that wherever a town was laid out, a certain portion of land should be allotted to the natives—Oglethorpe then presented each of their Miccos or Kings, with a shirt, a faced coat, and a laced hat; each of the warriors with a gun, and each of their attendants with a duffle cloak, and a few trifles.

Oglethorpe returned to England the following year and took with him Tomo chiei, Sonawki and his wife, Toanhowi his son, with seven other Indians. They were presented to George II. at Kensington, where the Micco offered a calumet to the king, and addressed him in a characteristic and not ineloquent oration. "This day I see the majesty of your race, the greatness of your house, and the number of your people. I am come in my old days, though I cannot expect to see any advantage to myself; I am come for the good of the children of all the nations of the Lower and Upper Creeks, that they may be instructed in the knowledge of the English.—These are feathers of the eagle, which is the swiftest of birds, and which flyeth around our nations. These feathers in our land are a

sign of peace, and have been carried from town to town there. We have brought them over to leave them with you, O Great King, as a token of everlasting peace. O Great King, whatever words you shall say unto me, I will faithfully tell them to all the Kings of the Creek nations." The orator addressed the Queen also in these words: "I am glad to see this day, and to have the opportunity of seeing the mother of this great people. As our people are joined with your Majesty's we humbly hope to find you the common mother and protectress of us and all our children."

CINCINNATI.

The subjoined description of Cincinnati is taken from a traveller's letter, published in the *Newark Sentinel*:

"The city is situated on the north bank of the Ohio river; the bank is about 60 or 70 feet high above low water mark.

This, however, does not detract from the appearance, or so far as I perceive, from the convenience of the place; for the hill or bank all along the front of the city is graded or graduated, so as to form an immense inclined plane, the whole of which is paved from low water mark to the front street along the river. The plain or tract of country in which the city is built, is in the form of an amphitheatre, surrounded in the distance by what in our country, we would call mountains, but here are only considered hills or eminences; so that standing in any part of the city, and looking to the right or left, before or behind, the long, wide, and beautiful streets appear to terminate at the foot of these hills, covered with dark green foliage.

Judging from the extent of the city in comparison with Newark, and supposing the latter to contain 9,000 or 10,000 inhabitants, I should think this place must number 28,000 or 30,000. We have often been astonished at the rapid increase of buildings and improvements in Newark; but in reference to this place it bears no comparison. I never have seen so many buildings going up in any place as in this, (I think I may safely say 500 large, substantial, and many of them elegant mansions, principally of brick, with basements of marble or very handsome stone.) The ranges of houses, three or four stories high in the business part of the city, are equal to any in New York—and while the dwelling houses are generally superior to any we have, the smaller buildings throughout the city are in a style of neatness equal to those in the most favored town. I think I may venture to say that there are in this city two or three hundred buildings, private residences, that are far superior in size and elegance of structure to any we have in Newark. A number of the churches and the public buildings are also very superb and imposing throughout in their appearance.

The city is laid out in squares like Philadelphia, the streets in general wider and paved to a greater extent. And while I sit writing here, the sound of the hammer and saw; the rattling of carts and carriages, and the hum of business, almost make it impossible for me without an exertion of the mind to realize that I am near 1000 miles from the Atlantic. Immediately opposite this city on the Kentucky side of the Ohio river, are two towns, Newport and Covington, divided by the river Licking, that here forms a junction with the Ohio. These places being likewise situated on the high banks of the Ohio, add very much to the appearance of the place, for looking in that direction down any of the streets running toward the river, the streets seem to extend across the river, and corresponding with the streets in those places, gives the appearance of the one continued city. In our passage down the river, we passed some pretty flourishing villages or towns; the principal is Marietta, on the Ohio side, and Maysville, on the Kentucky side. The distance between these places and a few smaller towns along the shores, is filled up with heavy wood, down to the water edge except here and there, at the

distance sometimes from each other of 5, 10, 15 or 20 miles, a log house and cultivated fields relieve the sight, which would otherwise render the passage down the river rather monotonous."

HUMOROUS.

VERY TRUE TO NATURE.—Our contemporary the witty Editor of the *New York Constellation*, tells the best story of negro consequence we have met with for a long time. Hear him—

A NEW YORK NEGRO AND KENTUCKIAN.—Not long since a gentleman from Kentucky was standing at the door of one of our hotels, whence he was about starting for the steamboat. Wishing for some one to carry his baggage, and seeing a spruce looking negro passing along the street, he called out to him—Here, you Nig, take my trunk and carry it down to the boat.

The negro stopped, and raising his quizzing glass to his eye, stared at the Kentuckian with a mixture of indignation and astonishment.—Having scanned him sufficiently with his glass, he gave his hat an independent twist to one side, pulled up his dicky about his ears, drew himself up to his fullest height, and thus replied—"Did you 'dress that language to me, sir?"

"Yes, you black rascal; I want you to take my trunk to the steamboat."

"Indeed! I guess you 'came from the slave holdin' states, didn't you, if I may take the liberty to ax?"

"Ay, you black dog—and what if I did? You take too much liberty, I can tell you."

"Why, I was sure you must have come from the slave states, otherwise you wouldn't treat a gentleman in this supersilly manner, just because his skin isn't of the same color of your own."

"Shut up your thick lips, or I'll stick my fists down your throat."

"We dont have any gag laws in this state."

"Well, you ought to have, to stop the mouths of such saucy black rascals as you are. I wish I had you in Kentucky once."

"I spose you'd gouge me then. But, thank heaven, I'm not in Kentucky, and not a slave, neither. And what's more, I undertake to tell you, Mr. Impotence, that there's no gouging nor gagging in this free state, and one man is as much respected as another, if he behaves as well, although he is a black man, or a Nig, as you call him. Behaviour makes the man, sir. For my part, I should be ashamed to show my face 'mong other gentlemen, if I 'dressed a man in the supersilly manner you did me."

Having finished his speech, the dark colored beau again raised his quizzing glass to his eye, and giving his antagonist a look of ineffable disdain, walked on; while the Kentuckian, almost doubting his senses, wondered what sort of republican principle that could be which gives a black man as much liberty as a white one.

DYSPEPSIA.—A wealthy manufacturer from the west of Scotland, while at Edinburgh on business, called upon Dr. Gregory for his advice. He was a man of middle stature, rather corpulent, with a rosy complexion, and whose exterior altogether bespoke the comfortable liver.—After seating himself, the following dialogue ensued:—

Gentleman. Well, Dr. Gregory, I ha' come up to Edinbro' in the way o' business, and I just tho't I would take your advice about my health.

Doctor. Your health, sir? What's the matter with you?

Gent. I'm no just sae weel i' the stomach as I'd like to be.

Dr. The stomach! I suppose you are a drunkard or a glutton then, sir.

Gent. Na, na, Dr. Gregory, ye canna say that; ye canna say that; ye maun ken that I'm a sober man, and a temperate man, and a deacon of the kirk, as my worthy father was afore me.

Dr. Well, let us see; what do you eat and drink? what do you take for breakfast?

Gent. I take coffee or tea wi' toast, and a fresh egg or a bit o' salmon, though I have no much appetite for breakfast.

Dr. Yes; and then you take something by way of lunch between breakfast and dinner?

Gent. I canna say I care ower much about the lunch; but can take a bit o' bread and cheese and a glass o' ale, if it be there, but I canna say I care ower much about it.

Dr. Well, what do you eat for dinner?

Gent. O! I'm no very particular, though I maun say I like my dianer.

Dr. I suppose you take soup first?

Gent. Yes, I can say I like my soup.

Dr. And a glass of porter or brandy and water with it?

Gent. Yes, I like a glass of something wi' my soup.

Dr. And then you have fish or beef and mutton, with vegetables?

Gent. Yes.

Dr. And a glass of ale or porter with them?

Gent. Yes, I take a glass o' ale now and then wi' my meat.

Dr. And then you have boiled fowl and bacon, or something of that sort, I suppose?

Gent. Yes, I maun say I like a bit of fowl and bacon, now and then.

Dr. And a glass of something with them?

Gent. Yes.

Dr. And after the fowl you have pudding?

Gent. I'm nae fond o' the pudding, but I can take a bit if it be there.

Dr. And you must drink wine with your pudding?

Gent. I canna take ower much o' the wine, but if I hae a friend wi' me, I take a glass or so.

Dr. And then you have cheese or nuts?

Gent. Yes; the good wife is ower fond of them, but I canna say I care much about them.

Dr. But you take a glass of wine or two with your nuts?

Gent. Yes, a glass or two.

Dr. Well, you do not finish your dinner without whiskey punch?

Gent. I find my dinner sets better on my stomach with a little punch, so I take a glass or so.

Dr. And you have tea, I suppose?

Gent. Yes, I maun take my tea wi' the gude wife.

Dr. And a bit of something with it?

Gent. Yes, I can take a bit o' something, if it be there.

Dr. But you do not go to bed without supper?

Gent. Na, na, Dr. Gregory, I canna say I like to gang to bed without my wee bit supper.

Dr. And what do you eat for supper?

Gent. O! a bit o' ony little thing—a bit o' salmon, or boiled tongue, or cold fowl.

Dr. And a glass of something with it?

Gent. Yes.

Dr. And can you go to bed without a night cap of hot punch?

Gent. I maun say I sleep the better for a glass o' hot punch, though I canna say I'm ower fond o' the habit.

Dr. Well, Sir, you are a fine fellow; you are indeed, a fine fellow. You come to me with a lie in your mouth, and tell me you are a sober man, and a temperate man, and a deacon of the kirk, as your worthy father was before you; and you make yourself out, by your own statement, to be a glutton, and a wine-bibber, and a whiskey-tipper, and a beer-swiller, and a drinker of that most abominable of all compositions, called punch. Go home, Sir, and reform yourself, and become temperate in your eating and drinking, and you will have no need of my advice.

EMBELLISHMENTS.—Our next number will be embellished with a finely engraved plate, which has been some weeks in preparation, and which we trust will be satisfactory to our numerous subscribers.

A friend at the eastward has complained that our embellishments have not appeared once a month. To this we can only repeat what we said in our last, that those only who know the difficulty of getting plates engraved in season, can understand the impossibility of doing what this subscriber has required of us. We shall publish the twelve engravings which were promised in this volume; but whether they appear once a month or not, can certainly be a matter of very small importance to any but ourselves, on whom rests all the trouble and care of procuring them.

Our arrangements for the Fifth Volume will be such, that we hope to publish the plates regularly, one in every number, in a form too, less liable to injury than they are at present.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

A CHAPTER ON SCREAMING.

The windows of most houses in Philadelphia being closed by the cold weather, it may not be an improper season to indite a chapter on screaming. When we see a young lady move her piano under a window, and as soon as the sun has fairly disappeared, beating and thrumming it as hard as possible, and accompanying the music with the noise of her own voice raised to the highest *alto*, we always think she is more pleased with public applause than with her own efforts. We are led to conclude that she wishes to attract *beaux*, and it must strike all passengers that the fair songstress has not a retiring disposition. Modesty can hardly inhabit a breast which sends forth such powerful notes addressed to perfect strangers; the lady who thus would attract attention should turn actress at once, and appear where she can enjoy applause. In the street the great bulk of our population are too polite to sound a note of applause to a private performer, and when they do listen, it is in silence, so that the musician is unable to say whether applause or hissing is deserved or intended.

A second division of our chapter on screaming should be devoted to that propensity of young ladies to cry out when a little frightened, a practice which has scared more horses, and done more mischief in the world, than most people are aware of, or we can find space to recount. There can be no reasonable objection to screaming, when placed under proper regulations. To scream prettily, it is well known is part of the education of every young lady of fashion; but although it is taught at school, along with other species of music, it is to be feared the theory and practice of it is very little understood in some of our genteel seminaries, and is therefore very awkwardly performed at home.

The general routine of teaching the art of screaming, should be to give Miss a few elementary lessons with a spider, or a father long-legs, placed first on her arm, and next, if she can go through that lesson with a pretty squall, the creeping intruder should be placed on her bosom or cheek. As soon as the pupil is perfect in the spider and father long-legs, she is to be taught to scream at a mouse, and here there are several gradations at which governesses may safely make an extra charge. First, there is only the report of a mouse, which may pass off with only a few "good gracious'es," or "oh! la's." Next, the noise of a mouse may be heard behind the surbase, and this should produce a very promising and shrill cry. Lastly, the little animal may be personally introduced, running across the room, which must be followed by the true musical shriek in *alto*, heard all over the house, bringing up the maids, and a few street passengers, to see that no harm is intended to Miss, and to chase so horrible a creature out of the room. From these lessons they can be taught to advance pretty rapidly to the highest notes in the scale of screaming, (which, like our modern pianos, has additional keys) and they may learn, if their parents choose, to go to the expense, the *crescendo*, the *swell*, and all the other graces of exclamation, accompanied with "Help! Murder! Fire!" &c. all which produce, beyond any dispute, a very fine effect in genteel company; overturning chairs, spilling boiling water, throwing a lighted candle on a muslin gown, may be acquired after leaving school by ladies of quick parts. They generally will have intelligence enough after the mischief is all over, to use the exclamation, "I was so

frightened," without the lesson of a teacher; and this part may therefore be safely left to their own study.

Governesses should be careful to teach the proper time when to scream—for instance, there is no use in a young lady's screaming when only females are present, and it would be vulgar in the extreme to scream in the box of a theatre, when assistance could only come from the pit. When stage coaches or private carriages are run away with, screams had better be omitted—they generally tend to make the matter worse, and not unfrequently induce a compound fracture, with an occasional loss of life, which are not very pleasant circumstances. How horrid to think instead of a gay gallant, hanging over one with hartshorne, cologne water, or burnt feathers, bathing the temples, to have a filthy coroner, and his dozen jurymen, pawing one about nobody knows how, to find out a verdict!

The importance of the art of screaming will be fully appreciated from what little we have said—we hope soon to see a seminary established where young ladies can be finished in this most valuable science.

THE TRAVELLER.

ALGIERS.

Discipline and European refinements in the art of destruction have triumphed over the impetuous bravery and indomitable spirit of the Arab and the Turk. Algiers has, almost without the shadow of a siege, surrendered at discretion, and the French are now masters of a powerful, rich and populous district of Africa. Some extremely curious and interesting details of the previous operations, and of the effect produced on the superstitious minds of the people of the desert, by the appearance of the missiles and contrivances of the Europeans, have been extensively published. In the meantime, it is important to understand properly the nature, extent and resources of the territory now in possession of the French, and which is likely to form the groundwork, if not of European contention, at least of much negotiation and intrigue.

The territory of Algiers, or Middle Barbary, comprehends a part of the northern coast of Africa, about 600 miles in length. Its breadth, according to Dr. Shaw, varies from 50 to 150 miles; and its extent may be nearly equal to that of England, or about 50,000 or 60,000 square miles. Mount Atlas and its branches, which cover the country almost to the sea shore, consist rather of a broad irregular group of hills, rising from one to two thousand feet above their bases, than of a defined chain of mountains. It is only in Fez and Morocco that Atlas attains the lofty elevations which poets attribute to it. If the mountainous character of the country abates from its fertility, it adds greatly to its beauty, and the salubrity of the climate. Except in a few low marshy spots, the Algerine territory is one of the most pleasant and healthy in the world. When the hot wind blows from the desert, the thermometer indeed rises sometimes to 104 or 106; but this is not frequent, and at other times the country is equally a stranger to excessive heat and severe cold; the excellence of the Barbary wheat is a proof that its climate, though an Englishman would call it hot, differs widely from that of the torrid zone. The other staple productions of the Regency are barley, maize, millet, vines, olives; and it yields also in the low grounds, sugar, cotton, bananas, dates, and tropical fruits. Its greatest disadvantage is the prevalence of drought, which renders irrigation necessary in the warmest parts of the country. The population of this kingdom amounts to 2,714,000 persons, of which 2,500,000 are Moors, 150,000 Colognes, 14,000 Turks, and 50,000 Jews.

The population of Middle Barbary consists of four different races, which, though they dwell in juxtaposition, and have dealings with

each other, yet live as distinct nations, and rarely intermix their blood. These are, first, the Moors, an active people, with European features and complexions, either akin to the former Mahometan inhabitants of Spain, or descended from them. They live by Agriculture, and are also the principal inhabitants of the towns. Secondly, the Arabs, who dwell in the low grounds, in tents made of goats' hair, the *magalia* of the ancients, and migrate from place to place with their cattle. Thirdly, the Kabyles, who reside among the mountains, in fixed habitations made of clay, or of hurdles daubed over with mud, the *magalia* or huts of which Carthage was said to consist, before the Tyrians settled in it. The Kabyles raise corn, but live chiefly by pasturage. They are believed to be the descendants of the ancient Numidians, and have a language of their own, called the Berber, from which our word Barbary is supposed to be derived. The Kabyles are divided, like the Arabs, into clans or tribes, ruled by hereditary Chiefs, who enjoy only a very limited authority. They pay a poll-tax to the Dey, and an impost on their lands, and are permitted to live under their own laws and usages. The fourth race are the Turks, a handful of strangers, varying from 5 to 12,000, who are recruited like the Mamelukes, the former masters of Egypt, from slaves bought in the Levant, or adventurers attracted from it by the love of money or power. They are all soldiers, forming a military aristocracy; and, though small in number, have always been able by their union, prowess, and superior skill in the use of arms, not only to hold the whole population in subjection, but to exercise over them the most cruel tyranny and oppression. Difference of rank is but little known among these soldiers of fortune. The meanest of them assumes a port of nobility, and treats the merchants and artisans with contempt, as an inferior race of beings. They elect the Dey from their own body, and cashier or depreciate him when his conduct no longer pleases them, or when a more daring leader supersedes him in their esteem. Not one in four of these ruffian sovereigns dies in his bed. The descendants of the Turkish soldiers by the women of the country, are called Colognes. They are considered superior to the other citizens, but as inferior to the privileged caste, as the Creoles were to the native Spaniards in Mexico before the revolution. The Colognes are employed at times as soldiers, and the Arabs also on some occasions; but it does not consist with the policy of the Turks to make any of their subjects very familiar with the use of arms. The various tribes are often at war with one another, and it is partly by fomenting these divisions and quarrels that a handful of renegade Turks are able to maintain their power, and tyrannize over a mass of people by whom they are hated, and of whom they compose so insignificant a fraction. Algiers exists as a state merely by its garrisons, which are military posts erected to overawe the people. When one or two fortresses are taken, the body politic is at an end. In fact, the whole strength of the Government is concentrated in the capital.

The city of Algiers, in form a long square, is environed by a strong brick wall nearly forty feet high, and flanked with redoubts well planted with artillery. It is secured by three gates which lead to the town, and one that conducts you to the port. On the top of each gate are placed cannon, in a sort of fortification, resembling a curtain.

The Dey's palace is situated nearly in the centre of the city. It is different from the other houses, because the entrance is on the ground floor; it is ornamented by a handsome gate, and in front of that gate, is a plot of ground eighty feet in circumference, the only distinction of the sort which Algiers can boast of. In the centre is a handsome marble fountain. The interior walls of the palace are furnished with all kinds of arms, such as muskets, halberds, battle-axes, swords, &c. A vast number of clocks, watches, and look-

ing-glasses, form the principal decorations of the chambers and halls of audience. The throne of the Dey is formed of stones and marble, over which is thrown a covering of lion's skin when the Prince takes his seat. A flag and a ship's lantern painted, on the top of the portico, announce outwardly the splendour of this sovereign abode.

Algiers contains ten large mosques and fifty smaller, the most beautiful of which was begun building in 1790; it is sixty feet high and forty long, forming three platforms, which support columns of Genoa white marble. The other mosques are more simple.

The largest street is 1200 feet long, and 12 wide; in it are situated the dwelling-houses of the richest inhabitants, the warehouses of the principal merchants, and the different markets. The houses are all constructed upon the same model; they are raised two stories, and are finished by flat roofs, that serve as gardens to walk in. They take care to white-wash the exterior of the houses every year, as well as the mosques and other buildings, which produce an unpleasant monotony that is very fatiguing to the eyes. None of the windows open into the streets, but the galleries are lighted from those which open to the court.

The Algerines have built a kind of citadel, a quarter of a league to the south of the city, which was begun by Charles the Fifth: they call it the Emperor's castle. It consists of three irregular bastions, built of brick, without fosses, without countercaps, without any military works whatever. This fort is isolated on an eminence, which commands the best part of the town, and is also kept in check by three or four redoubts at a small distance off; upon which fortresses might be erected, which could thunder away without danger or trouble. An attack of Algiers by land would stand no chance of success in this direction, which, besides the Emperor's castle, is defended by the Star castle (a fortified powder magazine) and some masked batteries.

Algiers road extends circularly from Cape Matifoux to the city. It is open and exposed to all winds, particularly from the west and north, which predominate all the year, and render its pilotage very dangerous. The greater part of the African ports being exposed to the same inconvenience was the occasion of an officer's sententious reply to Charles, when he asked him where the best ports and roadsteads were to be found in Barbary? He replied, "They were in the months of June, July, and August."

Nearly every account from North Carolina tells of the opening of new veins from which gold flows or is drawn. We understand the catch of fish the past season, at Newfoundland, has been uncommonly small.

Within a fortnight preceding the 4th of November, three duels were fought in Quebec.

The directors of the old bank of the state of Tennessee have committed to the flames upwards of a million of dollars of their notes.

A man lately navigated himself across Gloucester (Massachusetts) harbor in a tub.

The Quebec papers mention that a raft of oak staves, valued at \$8000, was broken up below the Island of Orleans during Friday week, and will be entirely lost.

A city meeting at Louisville, Kentucky, have refused the Lexington and Ohio Rail Road Company liberty to run their road through the city.

Mr. Thompson, in Freedom, Me. lately dug and picked up one hundred and forty bushels of potatoes in one day!

A son of Hibernia, domiciled in Broad Street, who was lecturing his rib upon her extravagance in dress, was heard to say by way of climax, "By St. Patrick, when I married you, you hadn't a rag to your back, and now you are covered with them."

John Graham has been convicted of manslaughter in Steuben Co. N. Y. having in a fight, at a "hunking bee," struck Levi Odell under the jaw, and broke his neck.

The first number of Mrs. Barney's National Magazine has been published in Baltimore.

The New Orleans papers speak of the appearances of renewed activity and business, which the wharves and streets of that city begin to present.

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